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The Royal reciter

London

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100039.20

Control Number: ADE-6005
OCLC Number : 27597839
Call Number : W PN970.E5 ROYAx
Title : The Royal reciter.
Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]
Format : p. [41]-[56] ; 20 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : At head of title: "No. 2, Pattie's nonpareil"
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY
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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/31/94
Camera Operator: AR

NO. 2

PATTIE'S NONPAREIL.

THE

ROYAL RECITER.

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EPIGRAM

VAT YOU PLEASE

PRINTERS DEVILS

London—PATTIE, 31 Paternoster Row.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A Farmer once to London went
To pay the worthy Squire his rent;
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains,
Who at the door such guest detains?
Forth struts the Squire, exceeding smart;
"Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;
You've brought my rent, then."—"To a hair."
"The best of tenants, I declare."
The steward's call'd, accounts made even,
And money paid, receipt is given.

"Well," quoth the Squire, "you now shall stay
And dine with me, old friend, to-day:
I've here some ladies wondrous pretty,
And pleasant sparks, too, that will fit thee;"
Hob scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said, "No, zur, two words to that,
For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
With gentlefolk so cruel fine,
I'ze use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
In deed or word, some plaguy blunder;
Zo, if your honour will permit,
I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."

"Pho," said the Squire, "it shan't be done,"
And to the parlour push'd him on.
To all around Hob nods and scrapes,
Not waiting maid or butler 'scapes:
With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great;
Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam served with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reached as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table:
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops;
To show where most his heart inclined,
He talked and drank to John behind.
When drank to in the modish way,
"Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honours.
"Pish," says the Squire, "pray keep your sitting."
"No, no," Hob cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting;
Tho' I'm no scholard, vars'd in letters,
I knaws my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the Farmers ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next, ah, what befel!
The dishes now were timely plac'd,
And table with fresh luxury graced.
When drank to by a neigh'bring charmer,
Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to the servant softly spoke—
"Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
And pull away the Farmer's chair."
'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But by posteriors overweigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betrayed,
As men at twigs in river sprawling,
He seized the cloth to save his falling.
In vain: sad fortune! down he wallow'd,
And, rattling, all the dishes follow'd.

The foplings lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
And there mince pies, and geese, and pigeons;
A pear-pie on his belly drops,
A custard pudding meets his chops.
Zounds! what ado, 'twixt belles and beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and wipe their clothes.
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spatter'd gown:
One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat.
One "Rot him," cries, "he's spoil'd my lac'd coat."
Amidst the rout, the Farmer long
The pudding sucked and held his tongue,
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speeeh;
Scrapes eyes, and mouth and nostril twangs,
Thon smacks his fingers, and harangues,
"Plague tak't—I'ze told you how 'twould be,
Luck, here's a pickle, zur, d'ye see?

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And zome, I'll warrant, that makes this chatter,
Have clothes bedaubed with grease and batter,
That cost"—He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career.
"Peace, brute! begone," the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!
"I'll tear his eyes out," squeaks Miss Dolly,
"I'll pink his soul out," roars a bully.

At this, the Farmer sweats through fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Steals off, and cries,—"Ay, kill me, then,
Whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the Squire,
To cool the sparks' and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale, and now I'll try
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne'er to place men above their station;
And this may show the wanton wit,
That whilst he bites he may be bit.

WANTED—A GOVERNESS.

A Governess wanted—well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill—
In a gentleman's family highly genteel.
Superior attainments are quite indispensable,
With everything, too, that's correct, and ostensible;
Morals of pure unexceptionability;
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.
The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—
All as promising girls as ever were seen—
And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in)
There is *one* little boy—but *he* only learns Latin.
The lady must teach all the several branches
Whereinto polite education now launches;
She's expected to teach the French tongue like a native,
And be to her pupils of all its points dative;
Italian she must know *a fond*, nor needs banish
Whatever acquaintance she *may* have with Spanish;
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,
In the absence, that is, of the master, Von-Hermann.
The harp and piano—*cela va sans dire*,
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.
In drawing in pencil, and chalks, and the tinting
That's called Oriental, she must not be stint in;
She must paint upon paper, and satin and velvet;
And if she knows gilding, she'll not need to shelve it.
Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,
The Polish mazurka, and best gallopades:
Arithmetic, History, joined with Chronology,
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,
Grammar, and satin-stitch, netting, geography,
Astronomy, use of the globes, and cosmography.
'Twere also as well she should be calisthenical,
That her charges' young limbs may be pliant to any call.
Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,
Must be superintended without intermission:
At home, she must all habits check that disparage,
And when they go out must attend to their carriage.
Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable,—
Health good and—reference quite undeniable.
These are the principal matters. *Au reste*,
Address, Bury-Street, Mrs General Peste.
As the *salary's moderate* none need apply
Who more on that point than on *comfort* rely.

MACBETH TO THE DAGGER.

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind? a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
And on the blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing!—
It is a bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one-half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howls his watch,) thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—While I threat he lives—
[*A bell rings*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPEECH OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

Before the Battle of Agincourt.

What's he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland!—No my fair cousin!
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
No, no, my lord!—wish not a man from England:
Rather proclaim it Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
May straight depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company!
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian;—
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours
And say, To-morrow is St Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages;
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick & Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be, in their flowing cups, freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For, he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ever so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St Crispian's day.

SHAKSPEARE.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

Fustian and Sylvester discovered, the clock strikes 11.

Fust. Eight, 9, 10, 11,—Zounds! 11 o'clock; and here I have been waiting ever since 9, for an interview with the manager, (*A servant crosses the stage, from* R. H.) Harkye, young man, is your master visible yet?

Ser. Sir!

Fust. I say, can I see your master.

Ser. He has two gentlemen with him at present.

Fust. Who is this gentleman asleep in the corner?

Ser. Oh, that, sir, is a gentleman who wants to come out.

Fust. Come out! then wake him, and open the door.—Gad, the greatest difficulty at this house is to get in.

Ser. Ha! ha! I mean he wants to appear on the stage; 'tis Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company.

Fust. Oh, a country candidate for a London truncheon, a sucking Prince of Denmark. D—me, he snores like a tinker—fatigued with his journey, I suppose?

Ser. No, sir—he has taken a nap in this room these five mornings—but has not been able to obtain an audience here yet.

Fust. No, nor at Dunstable neither, I take it.

Ser. I am loth to disturb him, poor gentlemen, so I never wake him till a full half hour after my master is gone out.

Fust. Upon my soul that's very obliging—I must keep a watch here, I find, like a lynx. Well, friend, you'll let your master know Mr. Fustian is here, when the two gentlemen have left him at leisure.

Ser. The moment they make their exit.

[*Exit* Servant, L. H.

Fust. Make their exit!—this fellow must have lived here some time, by his language, and I'll warrant him lies by rote like a parrot (*takes out a M.S.*) If I cou'd nail this manager for a minute, I'd read him such a tragedy.

Dag. "Nay, and thou'lt mouth,—I'll rant as well as thee."

Fust. Eh, d—me, he's talking in his sleep, acting Hamlet, before twelve tallow candles, in the country.

Dag. "To be, or not to be?"

Fust. Yes, he's at it—let me see—(*turning over leaves of his tragedy*) I think there's no doubt of its running.

Dag. "That is the question"—"Who wou'd fardels bear."

Fust. Zounds! there's no bearing you His Grace's patronage will fill half the side boxes—and I warrant we'll stuff the critics into the pit.

Dag. "To groan and sweat"—"when he himself might his quietus make."

Fust. Quietus,—I wish with all my heart I cou'd make yours—The Countess of Crambo insists on the best places, for the first night of the performance; she'll sit in the stage box.

Dag. "With a bare bodkin."

Fust. O, the devil, there's no enduring this.—Sir, sir, (*waking him*) do you intend to sleep any more?

Dag. (*waking*) Eh, what, when?—"Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more?"

Fust. Faith, sir, you heard something very like it, and that voice was mine.

Dag. Sir, I am your respective servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood—whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction—You'd make an excellent Macbeth, sir.

Fust. Sir?

Dag. "Macbeth doth murder sleep,—the innocent sleep,—balm of hurt minds,—great nature's second course."—Faith, and very often the first course, when a dinner is unavoidably deferred by your humble servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

Fust. I am very sorry, sir, you should over have occasion to postpone so pleasant a performance.

Dag. Eating, sir, is a popular entertainment for man and horse, as I may say,—but I am apt to appear nice, sir—and somehow or other, I never could manage to sit down to dinner in a bad company.

Fust. Has your company been bad then, of late, sir?

Dag. D—n'd, bad indeed, sir,—the Dunstable company—where I have eight

shillings a week, four bits of candle, one wife, three shirts, and nine children.

Fust. A very numerous family.

Dag. A crowded house to be sure, sir, but not very profitable. Mrs. Daggerwood, a fine figure, but, unfortunately, stutters; so of no use in the theatrical line. Children too young to make a *debut*, except my oldest, Master Apollo Daggerwood, a youth of only eight years old, who has twice made his appearance in Tom Thumb, to an overflowing and brilliant barn-house, I mean—with unbounded and universal applause.

Fust. Have you been long on the stage, Mr. Daggerwood?

Dag. Fifteen years since I first smelt the lamp, sir: my father was an eminent button maker at Birmingham, and meant to marry me to Miss Molly Metre, daughter to the rich director of the coal works at Wolverhampton; but I had a soul above buttons, and abhorred the idea of a mercenary marriage,—I panted for a liberal profession—so ran away from my father, and engaged with a travelling company of comedians; in my travels, I had soon the happiness of forming a romantic attachment with the present Mrs. Daggerwood, wife to Sylvester Daggerwood, your humble servant to command, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction,—so you see, sir, I have a taste.

Fust. Have you?—then sit down, and I'll read you my tragedy: I am determined somebody shall hear it before I go out of the house. *(sits down)*

Dag. A tragedy! sir, I'll be ready for you in a moment; let me prepare for woe (*Takes out a very ragged pocket-handkerchief*). This handkerchief, did an Egyptian to my mother give."

Fust. Faith, I should think so—and to all appearance one of the Norwood party.

Dag. Now, sir, for your title, and then for the dramatis personæ.

Fust. The title I think will strike: the fashion of plays, you know, is to rescue certain characters from the illiberal odium with which custom has marked them. Thus we have a generous Israelite, an amiable cynic—and so on.—Now, sir, I call my play *The Humane Footpad!*

Dag. What!

Fust. There's a title for you! Isn't it happy?—Eh, how do you like my Footpad?

Dag. Humph—Why, I think he'll strike—but then he ought to be properly executed.

Fust. Oh, sir, let me alone for that. An exception to a general rule is now the grand secret for dramatic composition:—Mine is a free-booter of benevolence, and plunders with sentiment.

Dag. There may be something in that, and for my part, I was always with Shakspeare,—"Who steals my purse, steals trash." I never had any weighty reason yet for thinking otherwise. Now, sir, as we say, please to "leave your d—nable faces, and begin."

Fust. My d—nable faces!

Dag. Come—"We'll to't like French falconers."

Fust. *(reading)* Scene first—A dark wood—night,

Dag. A very awful beginning.

Fust. *(reading)* The moon behind a cloud.

Dag. That's new; an audience never saw a moon behind a cloud before—but it will be difficult to paint.

Fust. Don't interrupt—where was I? oh, behind a cloud.

Dag. "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces."

Fust. Hey, the devil, what are you at?

Dag. Beg pardon; but that speech never comes into my head but it runs away with me. Proceed.

Fust. *(reading)* Enter—

Dag. "The solemn temples,—"

Fust. Nay, then, I've done.

Dag. So have I. I'm dumb.

Fust. *(reading)* Enter Egbert, (musing).

Dag. O.P.

Fust. Pshaw! what does that signify?

Dag. Not much—"The great globe itself."

Fust. *(reading)* Egbert musing), Clouded in night I come.

Dag. *(starting up)* "The cloud-capt towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,'

Fust. *(gets up)* D—me, he's mad! a bedlamite! raves like Lear, and foams out a folio of Shakspeare without drawing

breath!—I am almost afraid to stay in the room with him.

[*Enter* Servant

Oh, I'm glad you are come, friend! now I shall be delivered: your master would be glad to see me, I warrant.

Ser. My master is just gone out, sir.

Fust. Gone out!

Dag. "Oh, day and night, but this is wondrous strange."

Fust. What, without seeing me, who have been waiting for him these three hours!

Dag. Three hours! 'pugh!—I've slept here for five mornings in his old arm chair.

Ser. He ordered me to tell you, gentlemen, he was particularly sorry, but he is obliged to hurry down to the theatre.

Fust. Pretty treatment! pretty treatment truly! to be kept here half the morning, kicking my heels in a manager's ante-room, shut up with a mad Dunstable actor.

Dag. Mad! zounds, sir, I'd have you to know, that "when the wind's southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

Fust. Tell your master, friend; tell your master—but no matter; he don't catch me here again, that's all; damme, I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on't, and bring it out at one of the winter theatres. (*Exit*)

Dag. (*To the servant*) Young man, you know me; I shall come to the old arm chair again to-morrow, but must go to Dunstable the day after, for a week, to finish my engagement—wish for an interview—inclination to tread the London boards, and so on—you know my name—Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction

Ser. I shall be sure to tell him, sir.

Dag. "I find thee apt—
And duller would'st thou be, than the fat weed
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this."
"Open the street door: go on, I'll follow thee." (*Exit*)

THE DERBY DAY.—*Punch.*

Oh, let me try and recollect, if anyhow I may,
The hurry, scurry, worry, flurry, of the Derby Day.
There's first the being woke at six, in temper rather surly,
In order to be up and down for all the early burly.
There's breakfast waiting—but of course you've got no time to eat it—
A message says, the carriage waits, and you must run to meet it.
You're off, and just arrive in time to find your friends debating
What right have you especially, to keep the rest all waiting?
There's then a precious piece of work to get you to your places;
P'rhaps on an iron rail you're perch'd, to travel to the races.
You're off at last, when o'er a stone perchance the carriage passes,
To a running accompaniment of wine and broken glasses.
But very soon you all agree 'tis useless to complain;
So on you go, and lay the dust with sherry and champagne.
To shun the crowd, a quiet road perchance you've made selection of,
Which the two post-boys can't at all find out the right direction of;
And so they gallop you about, over the self-same ground,
Until you go a circuit where you're never gaining ground.
At length, when for an hour or so you've wander'd quite astray,
You see a line of vehicles which points you out your way.
You join the throng, and get behind some snob who will insist on
Playing all sorts of tunes upon a *Cornet* call'd a *Piston*.
Your basket of provisions wins you many a vulgar laugh;
Your horses too are treated with an extra feed of chaff.
You stop awhile to bait them, in the groom's peculiar way,
Rubbing their tender noses with a whisp of moistened hay.
There's something in a whisp of hay—when wet—that I suppose is

A glorious specific for all equestrian noses.
It may be for a horse's snout a tonic very fine,
I only know I shouldn't like that sort of thing for mine.
Away you go, until you near the horrid turnpike gate,
When you're compelled to slacken much your ordinary rate.
And every one is bent upon the mad, ambitious prank,
Of getting very far before those of his proper rank.
But now, arrived upon the Downs, I'll not exhaust my force
In a description of a sight that's quite a thing of course.
How one, upon the Derby Day, from Epsom does return,
Is often 'midst the mystries one can't contrive to learn.
On looking at my coat and boots next day I felt, I trust,
That *pleasure is but vanity, and man* IS ONLY DUST!

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM; OR, AN OLD SOLDIERS REASON FOR MARYING.

In our Fifth Harry's reign when 'twas the fashion
To thump the French, poor creatures! to excess;—
Though Britons, now-a-days show more compassion,
And thump them certainly a great deal less:—
In Harry's reign, when flushed Lancastrian roses
Of York's pale blossoms had usurp'd the right;
As wine drives Nature out of drunkard's noses,
Till red, triumphantly, eclipses white;
In Harry's reign,—but let me to my song,
Or good King Harry's reign may seem too long.

Sir Thomas Erpingham, a gallant knight,
When this King Harry went to war in France,
Girded a sword about his middle;
Resolving, very lustily, to fight
And teach the Frenchmen how to dance,
Without a fiddle.

And wondrous bold Sir Thomas proved in battle,
Performing prodigies with spear and shield;
His valour, like a murrain among cattle,
Was reckon'd very fatal in the field.

Yet, tho' Sir Thomas had an iron fist,
He was, at heart, a mild philanthropist.
Much did he grieve, when making Frenchmen die,
To any inconvenience to put 'em:
"It quite distress'd his feelings," he would cry,
"That he must cut their throats,"—— and then he cut 'em.

Thus, during many a campaign,
He cut, and grieved, and cut, and came again;—
Pitying and killing;—
Lamenting, sorely, for men's souls,
While pretty little eyelet holes,
Clean through their bodies, he kept drilling:

Till palling on his laurels, grown so thick,
(As boys pull blackberries 'till they are sick,)
Homeward he bent his course, to wreath 'em;
And in his castle, near fair Norwich town,
Glutted with glory, he sat down,
In perfect solitude beneath 'em.

Now, sitting under laurels, heroes say,
Gives grace and dignity,—and so it may,
When men have done campaigning:
But, certainly, these gentlemen must own,
That, sitting under laurels, quite alone,
Is much more dignified than entertaining.

Pious Æneas, who in his narration
Of his own prowess felt so great a charm,
(For tho' he feign'd great grief in the relation,
He made the story longer than your arm;)

Pious Æneas no more pleasure knew
Than did our Knight,—who could be pious too—
In telling his exploits and martial brawls;
But pious *Thomas* had no Dido near him

No queen,—king, lord nor commoner to hear him,—
So he was forced to tell them to the walls;
And to his castle walls, in solemn guise,
The knight, full often, did soliloquize;—

For "walls have ears," Sir Thomas had been told;
Yet though the tedious hours would seem much shorter,
If now and then a tale he could unfold
To ears of flesh and blood, not stone mortar.
At length, his old *castellum* grew so dull,
That legions of blue devils seized the knight;
Megrim invested his belaurell'd skull;
Spleen laid embargoes on his appetite;
Till thro' the day-time, he was haunted, wholly,
By all the imps of "loathed Melancholy!"

Heaven keep her and her imps for ever from us!—
And Incubus, whene'er he went to bed,
Sat on his stomach like a lump of lead,
Making unseemly faces at Sir Thomas.

Plagues such as these might make a person swear;
Sir Thomas being but a layman,
Swore very roundly *á la militaire*,
Or rather (from vexation) like a drayman;
Damning his walls out of all line and level;
Sinking his draw-bridges and moats;
Wishing that he were cutting throats—
And they were at the devil.

"What's to be done," Sir Thomas said one day,
"To drive *ennui* away?
How is this evil to be parried?
What can remind me of my former life?—
Those happy days I spent in noise and strife!"
The last words struck him:—"Zounds!" says he, "a wife!"
And so he married.

VAT YOU PLEASE.

Some years ago, when civil faction
Rag'd like a fury thro' the fields of Gaul,
And children in the general distraction
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall—
When common sense in common folk was dead,
And murder show'd a love of nationality,
And France, determined not to have a head,
Decapitated all of high degree,
To put folks more on an equality—
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
And liberty, in bonnet-rouge, might pass
For Mother Red-cap up at Camden Town,
Full many a Frenchman then took wing,
Bidding soup maigre an abrupt farewell,
And hither come pell-mell,
Sans cash, sans clothes, sans almost ev'ry thing.

Two Messieurs, who about this time came over,
Half starv'd, but *toujours gai*,
(No weasels e'er were thinner)
Trudg'd up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted on their way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner!

'Twas morn, and from each ruddy chimney top
The dun smoke-wreaths were slowly curling!
Each house-maid, cherry-cheek'd, her snow-white mop
Before the door was gaily twirling.
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition;
Great was their need, but sorely did they grieve,
Stomach and pocket in the same condition.
At length, by mutual consent they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.

This happen'd on a day most dear
To epicures, when gen'ral use
Sanctions the roasting of the savoury goose!—

Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer:
While greedily he sniff'd the luscious gale in,
That from the kitchen windows was exhaling,
He instant set to work his busy brain,
And sniff'd and long'd, and long'd and sniff'd again.
Necessity's the mother of invention
(A proverb I've heard many mention);
So now, one moment saw his plan completed,
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated,
The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
"Sir, will you favour me with your commands?
We've roast and boil'd, sir, choose you those or these?"
"Sare! you're very good, sare!—Vat you please?"

Quick at the word,
Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird!
No time in talking did he waste,
But pounced pell-mell upon it;
Drumstick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
Exulting in the "merry-thought that won it!
Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese:—
"Stilton or Cheshire, sir?"—"Ah, vat you please!"

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,
Prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill!"
"Ah, vat, you're *Bill!* vell, Mr. Bill, good day!
Bon jour, good Villiam!"—"No, sir, stay
My name is Tom, sir, you've this bill to pay."
"Pay!—Pay?—*ma foi!*
I call for nothing, sare—*pardonnez moi!*
You ask a me to eat—I tell you, Vat you please!"

Down came the master, each explained the case,
The one with cursing, the other with grimace;
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest,
(Altho' sometimes he dearly paid for it,
And finding nothing could be done you know,
For when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some, would be rather funny!)
Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it,
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,
Laughed heartily, and let him go!

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;
When, turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman he chanc'd to meet!
To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told how he had taken Jean Bull in!
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congée, and seeks this shop of shops,
Ent'ring, he seats himself just at his ease,
"What will you take, sir?"—"Vat you please!"

The waiter looked as pale as Paris plaster,
And, up stairs running, thus address'd his master:—
"These d—d Mounseers come over, sure in pairs:
Sir, there's another 'Vat you please' down stairs!"

This made the landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's something musty:
Once to be "done," his anger didn't touch,
But when a second time they tried the treason,
It made him "crusty," sir, and with good reason:—
You would be "crusty," were you "done" so much.

There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!
'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'Twould *strike* you presently—a stout horse-whip!

This instrument our *maitre d'hote*
Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat—
And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
(Determin'd whilst the iron's hot to strike it);
Quick with his lesson answers—"Vat you please!"
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip!
"Sare, sare! ah, misericorde! parbleu!
Got d—n, Monsieur! vat makes you use me so?
Vat call you dis?"—"Lord, don't you now?
That's 'what I please,'" says Bonny, "how d'ye like it?
Your friend, although I paid so dearly for his funning,
Deserv'd the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning;
But you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
Are goose enough yourself—and only want a basting!"

THE RETORT.

A supercilious nabob of the East,
Haughty and grave and purse proud—being rich;
A governor or general at least,
I have forgotten which—
Had in his family a humble youth
Who went to India in his patron's suit,
An unassuming body, and in truth,
A lad of decent parts and good repute,
This youth had sense and spirit,
Yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence,
Obscured his merit.
One day at table flushed with pride and wine,
His honour proudly free! cleverly merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke with his secretary.
"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father earn his livelyhood?"
"He was a saddler, Sir," Modestus said,
"And in his line was reckoned good."
"A saddler, eh? and taught you Greek
Instead of teaching you to sew:
And pray, sir, why didn't your father make
A saddler of you?"
Each Parisite as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said, craving pardon if too free he made,
"Sir, by your leave I fain would know
Your father's trade?"
"My father's trade, why, sir, that's too bad,
My father's trade? why blockhead art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low;
He was a gentleman I'd have you know."
"Excuse the liberty," Modestus said,
With harshness in his brow,
"Pray, sir, why did not then your father make
A gentleman of you?"

FRANK HAYMAN.

Frank Hayman, once a brother of the brush,
Had talents much distinguish'd in his day,
But for his art he hardly cared a rush,
If some odd mischief stumbled in his way.

This wag was deem'd by all the social tribe,
A jovial, easy, careless, pleasant fellow,
Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
And sometimes in his cups a little mellow.

There is a famous place, yclept Vauxhall,
Where cits, good folks, regale with merry hearts,
And oft to busy waiters eager bawl
For fresh supplies of ham, and beef, and tarts.

There may you see of boxes many a row,
For such as like to sup in state design'd,
With pictures deck'd, that make a goodly show;
Now in these pictures Hayman's skill we find.

Frank Hayman, tempted by a pleasant day,
After a long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieged him, sallied out,
To breathe fresh air, and wile an hour away.
It chanced as he was strolling, void of care,
A drunken porter pass'd him with a hare.

The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept, in zig-zag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog, who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the look-out, was lurking close behind,
A sly and subtle chap, of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap at anything that fell.

The porter stagger'd on,—the dog kept near,
Watching the lucky minute for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back with fear,
While Hayman follow'd, titt'ring at the sight.

Through many a street the tipsy porter reels,
Then stops—as if to solemn thought inclined—
The watchful dog was ready at his heels,
And Hayman hobbled on, not far behind.

Then rolling on again, the man survey'd
One of those happy mansions where
A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
To all the thirsty sons of care.

The sight of this refreshing place,
The scent that hails him from the door,
Arrest at once his rambling pace—
As they had often done before.

Straight on a bench without he stretch'd along,
Regardless of the passing throng,
And soon his weary eyelids close,
While Somnus soothes him to repose.
The hare now prostrate at his back,
This was the time to get a snack.

The dog, unable longer to refrain,
Gazed at the hare,
Who caused his care,
Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, and bit again.
At length, when he had clear'd away the rest,
The sated spoiler finish'd on the breast.

Then having made a hearty meal,
He careless turn'd upon his heel,
Nor thought of asking "What's to pay?"
But scamper'd at his ease away.

At length, our porter's slumber o'er
He jogg'd on, tott'ring, as before,
Unconscious any body kind
Had eased him in his load behind.
Now on the houses turn'd his eye,
As if his journey's end were nigh,
Then read the paper in his hand,
And made a stand—
Hayman drew near, with eager mien,
To mark the closing of the scene,
Expecting strait a furious din,
His features ready for a grin.

And now we need but mention one thing more,
To show how much he must have liked the whim;
Though drunk, our porter hit at last the door,
And Hayman found the hare was *sent to him.*

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

People full oft are put into a pother,
For want of understanding one another;
And strange amusing stories creep about,
That come to nothing if you trace them out;
Lies of the day, or month perhaps, or year,
That serve their purpose, and then disappear;
From which, meanwhile, disputes of ev'ry size,
That is to say, misunderstandings, rise;
The springs of ill, from bickering up to battle,
From wars and tumults down to tittle-tattle.
Such as, for instance—for we need not roam
Far off to find them, but come nearer home,—

Such as befal, by sudden misdivining,
On cuts, on coals, on boxes, and on signing.
It may, at least it should, correct a zeal,
That hurts the public or the private weal,
By eager giving of too rash assent,
To note how meanings, that were never meant,
Will fly about like so many black crows,
Of that same breed of which the story goes.
Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand:
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend. "No! I'm surprised at that,
Where I come from it is the common chat:
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happen'd they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"—"Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—(relating the affair)
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me:
But, by-the-bye, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wond'rous an event
Whip to the third our virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why yes; the thing is a fact,
Though in regard to number not exact,
It was not two black crows, 'twas only one,
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?"—"Why, in such a place."
Away goes he, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard;
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"
"Not I."
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one!
And here, I find, all comes at last to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might,—now I recall
The matter over!"—"And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so
Something that was—as black, sir, as a crow!"

THE IRISHMAN AND HIS CAT.

An Irishman, not long ago,
Whose pockets run but rather low,
Went to the parish for relief,
Hoping to get some soup or beef.
He smack'd his lips, being much elated,
And briefly thus his case he stated.
"Och! fait, your honour, just relieve me,
Upon my soul I don't deceive ye;
St. Patrick knows, as I'm a sinner,
For weeks I haven't tasted dinner;
Though now I'm thin as any rat,
I should have starv'd, but for my cat."
The overseer look'd blue, and stared,
No doubt he thought the fellow scar'd
With rage he soon began to burn,
And thus addressed him in his turn.
"What, sirrah! do you mean to say
Your cat has brought you food each day?
Don't joke with me, or soon you'll know
We'll quickly send you down below—
So, if our charity you claim,
Let's have no bulls—pray, what's your name?"
"My name? oh, devil burn ye! Sure 'tis Pat,
And now I'll tell ye all about the cat.
Och, when I found no longer I could hold her,
Eleven times for sixpence, sure, I sold her,
Each day I took her off, good lack!
I never thought to see her back;
But, by the powers! poor puss did so adore me
That every time I found her home before me.

PADDY AND THE BEAR.

About the time I was a boy, Archy [illegible] lived in Cushendall, lower part of the county Antrim. He was a great man; kept a grocer's shop—was like Jack Factotum—sold everything portable; he was a ponderous fellow, wore a wig like a beehive, and was called king of Cushendall. He one night found a male child at the shop door some months old; he embraced it—swore he would keep it, and was as fond of him as ever Squire Allworthy was of Tom Jones. A woman was sent for to nurse him—they called her Snouter Shaugnessy, because she wanted the nose. Snouter had no suck, and poor Paddy (for so he was christened) was spoon-fed, and soon grew a stout, well-built fellow: and to show his gratitude, (for Paddy had a heart) would do all about the house himself. He was like Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem, servant of all work; he milked the cow—he dunged the byre, and thatched it—he went to market—he soled the shoes—he cleaned the knives—he shaved—and powdered his master's wig, which, after being drenched in a journey, he would put a poker in the fire, and change it from its state of flaccidity to its pristine form, as well as Charley Boyand, or ever a peruke maker among them. Paddy's delight was in frequenting wakes, listening with avidity to any thing marvellous. His master being at Belfast, he went to old Brien Sollaghan's wake, where a lad just from a foreign voyage, was telling stories out of the course of nature, improbable. Paddy believed all but something about blackamoors he was relating; for he swore "'twas impossible for one man to be black and another man white, for he could not be naturally black without he was painted; but I'll ask the master in the morning, when he comes home, and then I'll know all about it. So he says in the morning, "Master, is there any such thing as a blackamoor?" "To be sure there is, as many as would make regiments of them, but they're all abroad." "And what makes them black?" "Why it's the climate, they say." "And what's the climate?" "Why I don't know: I believe it's something they rub upon them when they're very young." "They must [illegible] and very cheap, if there's as many of them as you say. The next time you're in Belfast, I wish you'd get a piece of it, and we'll rub little Barney over with it, and then we can have a blackamoor of our own. But as I'm going in the Irish Volunteer, from Larne to America, in the spring, I'll see them there."

Paddy went over as a redemptioner, and had to serve a time for his passage. He was sent by his master six miles from Baltimore, to the heights of Derby, on an errand. Paddy, thinking and ruminating on the road that he had not yet seen a blackamoor, forgot the directing post on the road, and got entangled in a forest; it happened to be deep snow, and there was a large black bear lying at the foot of a tree, which he did not observe till within a few yards of him. "Hurra, my darling!" says he, "here's one of them now, at last—queen of glory! such a nose as he has: they talk about Loughey Fudaghen's nose; why, the noses of all the Fudaghen's put together would not make this fellow's nose. I never saw one of your sort before," says Paddy; "why, man, you'll get your death of cowld lying there; I have an odd tester yet left from Cushendall, and if there's a shebeen near this I'll give you a snifter, for I'd like to speak to you." "Boo," says the bear. "Lord what a voice he has—he could sing a roaring song." "Boo, boo!" again cries the bear. "Who the devil are you booing at? if it's fun you're making of me I'll ram my fist up to the elbow in you." Up gets the bear, and catches Paddy by the shoulder. "Is it for wrestling you are?—Cushendall for that—soul, but you grip to toight, my jewel; you had better take your fist out of my shoulder, or ill take an unfair advantage of you." Paddy went to catch him by the middle; "O sweet bad luck to you, you thief, and the tailor that made your breeches—you're made for wrestling, but I'll neck you." Paddy pulled out his tobacco-knife, and gave him a dart in the right place—down he fell to rise no more. "O, sweet father! what will become of me now?" says he—"I've killed this black son of a bitch, and I'll be hanged for him. O, sweet Jasus! that ever I left Cushendall! O, murder, murder! O what will become of me!"

A gentleman, proprietor of the place, and who had blacks on his estate, comes up at the moment. "What is all this about?—what's the matter, sir?" "Nothing, but I'm from Cushendall, saving your honour's worship; I have never seen a blackamoor before, and I just asked one of them to take a drop with me; but he would do nothing but make fun of me, so I gave him a prod, for I could not get a hould of him."—"Stop, stop, there's a bear lying, take care.'—"Faith, he was going to make me bare, sure enough: see where he tore my coat." "Was that the blackamoor you were wrestling with? why, sir, that's a bear that ten men in the forest could not kill."—"By the holy father, I'll drop them to you for a tester a dozen," says Paddy. The gentleman admired his courage and honest appearance so much, that he went to Baltimore, bought off his time, and made him an overseer of his estate—which place he filled with integrity—and after seventeen years' servitude, came home to his native country, left what he had to old Snouter's children, and at last had his bones laid in the same grave with his old and loving master, in the ancient burying-place of Cushendall.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At number one dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at number two,
(The street we'll not now mention):
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge;
From Turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's College.

Benson to dine invited Tom:
Proud of an invitation from
A host who "spread" so nicely,
Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-
Day next, at six precisely.

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savoury thought
Ideal turbot rich in,
But, ere he reach'd the winning-door,
He saw a haunch of ven'son roast
Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! zounds! what's this? a haunch
at Drew's?
I must drop in, I can't refuse:
To pass were downright treason;
To cut Ned Benson's not quite staunch;
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! it's the first this season!

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no
more,"
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,
"John, I'm in such a hurry!
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
I must be off to Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a din—
"Is Captain Drew at home?"—"Walk
in."—
"Drew, how d'ye do?"—"What
Blewit!"
"Yes, I—you've ask'd me, many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have," said Drew,
"I've nothing but an Irish stew"—
Quoth Tom, aside, "No matter,
'Twon't do—my stomach's up to that,—
'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
Comes quiv'ring on the platter."

"You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried,
"No, but I don't though," Tom replied,
"I smoked below"—"What?"—"Ven-
'son—
A haunch."—"Oh! true, it is not mine;
My neighbour had some friends to dine—"
"Your neighbour, who?"—"George
Benson.

"His chimney smoked; the scene to
change,
I let him have my kitchen range,
While his was newly polish'd:
The Ven'son you observ'd below
Went home just half an hour ago:
I guess it's now demolish'd.

"Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?
Come, help yourself to salt and bread,
Don't sit with hands and knees up;
But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through
When next you o[illegible]

THE LAUREL

F. P. H.

The laurel takes an age to grow;
And he who gives his name to fate
Must plant it early, reap it late;
Nor pluck the blossoms as they spring.
So beautiful, yet perishing

A LIGHT ARTICLE

Anonymous,
From the "New York Knickerbocker."

Light was the maid, in light arrayed, for light to her was given,
From light she flew, and lightly too, she'll light again in heaven;
No northern light was e'er so bright no light could e'er be brighter,
Her light-drawn sigh pass'd lightly by, as light as air, and lighter,
The lights divine that lightly shine, in yonder lighten'd skies,
Can ne'er excel the light that fell like light'ning from her eyes,
She lightly move'd by all beloved, a light and fairy elf;
Light was her frame and light her name for she was Light itself!

EPIGRAM.

From "Le Ramelet Moundi"
By Godelin.

The gay who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies;
Nor heed they what the wise condemn,
Whilst they pass time,—Time passes them.

THE LIKENESS.

William was holding in his hand,
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh as if touched by fairy hand,
With beauty, grace, and life,
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still;
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
He viewed the artist's skill,
"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again
It is so much like you,"
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why no, my love," said he,
"Then, William, it is very clear,
"'Tis not at all like me."

PUFF OF A SELLER OF EAR OIL FOR DEAFNESS.

It's not for me, and indeed I know it,
To puff my own oil off, and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F
So very deaf
That she might have had a percussion cap
Knocked on her head without hearing it snap;
Well, I sold her the oil, and the very next day,
She *heard* from her husband at Botany Bay.

ANONYMOUS.

PRINTER'S DEVILS.

Old Nick, who is both kind and civil,
To every Printer lends a devil;
But balancing accounts each winter,
For every devil takes a Printer.

ANON.

PROCRASTINATION

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force
Fly the fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought
Lingring labours come to-nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past;
Slower speed is wisdom's leisure;
Afterwits are dearly bought;
Let thy forewit guide thy thought

ANON, from Eliza Cook's Journal.